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## The Old Arm Chair.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, [sighs.
I've bedewed it with tears, and embraced it with
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide.
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day, [gray,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth strewed,
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow.
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek,
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mothers old arm chair.

## A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

On the 3d of January, 1831, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses and vehicles, took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St Honore, and the de l' Arbre Sec.

'What's the matter?' asked a young man, whose accent declared him to be a native of the south of France.

'I really can't inform you, monsieur—I was going to ask the same question myself.'

'It's only a man who has fallen on the ice,' said an orange woman who had overheard the colloquy. 'Nothing more—two sous a piece—come buy!'

'It's a man dead drunk,' said a porter pushing his way from the thickest of the crowd.

'Bah!' cried an old woman, 'I bet it's those cursed omnibuses which have overturned some poor wretch. I had my leg broken by one two years ago.'

'No such thing,' cried a stout man who was warmly wrapped up in a thick wrapper, with a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his hands fixed in his side pockets. 'It's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger. Poor man, these things quite affect me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is, I am too late as it is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me; Pardon, Monsieur.—permit me to pass.'

The stranger, however, to whom this request was addressed, pressed the stout man in a contrary direction, and pressing through the crowd of gazers until he arrived, not without difficulty at the spot where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, was extended on the ice, an old man scarcely covered with a few rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooped down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd, and a sweet voice exclaimed with deep emotion.

'It is my poor old man!'

At the same moment a young girl, piercing through the wondering crowd, came to join her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

'You know him, then?' he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but in trying to prevent her having any share of the burden.

'Yes and no, Monsieur,' she replied, in taking out a smelling bottle. 'I know him by sight and am quite ignorant of his name.'

A third person came to add his assistance to the efforts of the young people.

'It is old Gerald!' said he. 'He must have gone out this morning, the first time for these three or four days. This way, Monsieur,' he said, speaking to the stranger, 'he lives at No. 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place, my little woman,' continued he to the girl; 'this gentleman and I can take him to his room at the top of the house.—It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it, for it is only the rich that will allow themselves to famish by hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—I would not be guilty of such a foolish act; I would at once go to the mayor and demand aid. Take care—the stairs are so steep—there's a step; it's so dark here you can't well see it. It's different with me, I am used to the place that's the door. Push. He never needed a key to look up his property, poor man.—They say Gerard is not his real name—Diable! how cold it is up here under the tiles!'

They placed the old man on some straw in the corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse.

'He is dying of cold and hunger,' cried he; 'here, my friend, here's some money for you; bring up some soup, some wine, and a fire.'

The porter held out a hand to take the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets.

'Good Heavens! they have taken my purse!'

And saying which, his features expressed most vividly vexation and fear for the old man's recovery.

'I will get them,' cried a gentle voice; it was that of the young girl, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room and returned speedily, for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her, bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire, and then retired. The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine, a small loaf, and the wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then kneeling down arranged the fire, and stirred it up to a blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his senses; he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactor, he could only express his feelings by looks of most touching gratitude, particularly when they rested on the young girl, still occupied near the hearth. To the stranger she appeared nothing else that a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be, who so earnestly and effectively devoted her time to a work of charity, when her own attire gave every indication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features was of black straw: then silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands, but certainly not to guarantee them from the cold. An old cashemere, worn to the last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearence betokened the absence of any warm garment. The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features had there been no other charm.

At last her self-imposed task was over; she approached the old man, and stooping down to warps him nodded her head kindly as she uttered the words. 'I will soon return.'

She then took up a small case which she put down on her entrance, and saluting the stranger she left the room, and descended the narrow stairs with a very rapid step.

The young man gazed at her for a moment, and then turned towards the invalid.

'I, on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening, but you will soon hear from me.'

He then pressed the old man's hand kindly and departed. When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistant in the work of benevolence in which he had been engaged, he could not avoid looking around, as if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing as if undecided, at the door of a jeweler's shop at some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, for she opened the door and entered. Without analyzing the cause of his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop and observed what was passing inside. He saw the young girl take off her glove; and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew with some emotion a ring from her finger, and presented it to the person at the counter. He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodically took out a small pair of scales, and having ascertained the weight offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her her head. The jeweler opened a drawer and counted some money which he pushed over the counter; and having written down in his book her name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer amongst a heap of jewels of all forms and colors. The young girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards, the man entered the shop.

In a short time afterwards she turned into a plain looking house, and entering the door of a room, she cried, 'Here I am dear mother—You must have been uneasy at my long absence.'

* * * *

Madame Bevial, the person to whom these words were addressed, appeared infirm, though more from trouble than years. She was stretched upon a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her features assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and then appeared more sombre than before.

'Dear Anna,' she said, 'I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with; it was this perhaps, that made me rather fear your return than note your long absence.'

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter passed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued.

'You know that your father had promised your hand to the son of Mr Barsac, of Bordeaux, his oldest friend. The death of your father, the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me, had not overcome my courage as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day, rich and happy under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffolding of happiness I loved to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to our old habitation, ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read it yourself.'

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her, and looking at the signature remarked: 'It is from M. Jules Barsac himself.'—She read the following contents aloud:

'Madam—As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Bevial and my father had contracted for me, but the late failure of the firm of Danderlins & Co. has drawn on ours; and as a man of honor I deem myself bound to restore you your promise. If your daughter and myself were acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of the projected union, I would have bent my knee before you, madame, and prayed you to wait until I had repaired our disasters—but have I the right to call on another to partake in my poverty, and to join in my labors? Do I even know what time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost?—He that is above only can tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, as I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there, then, who will not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born? As to me, I have nothing left, and unwillingly am I forced to renounce the favor designed for me. You will pardon me, Madame, for leaving Paris without paying my respects to you—but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret which might trouble the calm of an existence which is now consecrated to labor.

'Farewell, then, Madame, and believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and to remain

Your most humble
and obedient servant,
J. BARSAC.'

The young girl paused a moment after reading the note, and then raising her eyes to meet her mother's, she remarked as she placed it on a work table.

'I really think that M. Barsac writes with the utmost good sense. I almost regret that I have not seen a man whose conduct is actuated by such honorable motives.'

'This letter,' said Madame Bevial with a mournful tone, 'certainly augments my regret. I feel that I could have loved this young man as a son. Now what a different fate awaits you! Are you not terrified with the idea of being obliged to work for your poor mother?'

'How unkind!' said Anna, 'how unlike yourself. Why, what is it, after all? Formerly I embroidered to amuse myself—now I do the same to contribute to your comfort. The latter will be surely the more agreeable—besides I can do it now so much more cheerfully.—Look, I have disposed of the collar' and she showed the empty case which she had brought in, 'and here's the price obtained for it,' placing three pieces of money on the table.

A light knock heard at the door interrupted the conversation; Anna cast a look of inquietude at her mother, for since the loss of their fortune no visit had broken their solitude.

'Go and open it,' said the lady with a smile. She obeyed, and the opened door gave entrance to a man who she immediately recognized as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Madamoiselle Bevial at once assumed a grave and severe expression.—Her mother perceived the change, but before she could make an inquiry into the cause, the stranger advanced, and saluting her with respect said:

'Madam, you are I suppose the mother of this young lady?'

Madam Bevial made a sign of assent, and pointed to a chair for the stranger, which he took and then continued.

'Chance, this morning, brought Madamoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy———'

'O mother!' interrupted the young girl, whose neck and face were covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, 'I have not yet had time to tell you all about it. Do you remember the poor old man who generally took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green bandage over his eyes to conceal his face from the passers by, and held a small basket of matches in his hand.'

'Yes,' interrupted Madame Bevial, in her turn, 'I remember him well.'

'Your father always dropped some money into the basket when returning from attending the Bourse.'

'Well since our departure from the hotel, we have asked each other a hundred times what could possibly have become of him.'

'Yes!' said Madame Bevial with considerable interest.

'Well, mother, I found him to-day at last, but in such a state of wretchedness that I was shocked. Stretched on the snow, and dying absolutely from cold and hunger—and, without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he must have perished where he lay.'

'Say rather with yours,' said the young man earnestly. 'I could do nothing for I had lost my purse. To you alone, is he indebted for life. But continued he in a different tone, seeing the bright color again mounting rapidly to Anna's face, 'it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady the secret of your good actions, that I have followed you here—it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessaries for this poor child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, which you'll have the kindness to employ for this purpose. I pray you to believe that if I were not a stranger in Paris and on the point of quitting it this very evening, I wouldn't take this liberty with persons to whom I am not known. I trust that you will excuse my request.'

'There is no necessity to offer any apology, said Madame Bevial, 'on the contrary we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete such a benevolent action.'

'Now, Madame,' added the young man, with a hesitating and timid manner, 'it only remains for me to inquire the name of my sister in this work of kindness.'

'Madamoiselle Anna Bevial.'

A cry of astonishmen broke from the stranger—'the daughter of M. Bevial of Bourdeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend, and died of grief?'

'Alas, but you have too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?'

'I am Jules Barsac,' said the young man in a voice scarcely audable.

Anna grew pale and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time and twas Jules who broke it.

'Ah Madame!' said he, suddenly rising, 'I perceive that I sent you yesterday a renunciation of a life happiness. This letter,' and he took it from the table, 'he repeated, as he slightly touched with the finger of his right hand with a look of disgust—'permit me to destroy it, and to forget that it was ever written. Looking from one lady to another, and seeing no sign of opposition, he tore it down the middle and threw the portions into the fire. He watched them until the flames had seized on every part, and then, as if contented that it was wholly and irrecoverably lost, he approached Madame Bevial and bent his knee before her, as she regarded alternately, with the utmost satisfaction her daughter, and him whom she would have chosen for a son-in-law, if the choice had been in her power. For if the memory of this unhappy letter cannot altogether pass away, and if part of it must still remain in your remembrance, think only on the words "which if your daughter and myself had been acquainted

'We are acquainted and know each other already as if we had never been apart. Do not separate those whom charity has united. I just now called Madamoselle by the name of sister, let me call her by another name, not less kind, but more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune to offer her, but I feel myself now animated by double courage and hope.—For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us I will work with energy, and determination, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh Madame! deign to answer me. But you weep—you give me your hand—you consent to my request?

'And you, Anna what do you say? asked Madame Bevial, as she held out the other hand to her daughter.

'Have I any other will than yours, dear mother!' and she pressed the hand to her lips.

'You consent then, Madamoiselle?' said Jules; then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our happy engagement.'

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

'It is Anna's ring!' said Madame Bevial with surprise.

'Yes, mother,' said Anna, quite confused. 'I was obliged to sell it to replace the money which I received for my piece of embroidery.'

'It was to purchasing this that I discovered your address, although you entered in the jeweller's book only the name of Anna. It is to this ring that I owe for the happiness of again beholding you.' He took as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, and Anna on returning to the old man's lodgings, he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode.

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A month after, in the humble lodging of Madame Bevial, a few friends were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary, who soon made his appearance; he was followed by an old man clad richly. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied with the ceremony for which they had come together. Madame Bevial was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. Jules Barsac was standing on the other side. The notary placed his portfolio on the table, and took from it a contract of marriage, which he pronounced aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady: 'Madame Bevial makes over to her daughter the sum of £1000 per years———'

'You are making a mistake, Monsieur,' interrupted Madame Bevial, 'formerly I did indeed———'

The notary, without paying any attention to this interruption, continued, 'one thousand pounds a year, arising from money in the public funds, for which here are the securities.'

Saying this, he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Bevial and her daughter, with Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if to speak, when the aged stranger arose and mand a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at this interference they awaited with interest the result of the strange scene.

'What!' said the old man with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, 'what! Madamoiselle, do you not remember your poor old man?,

While she was looking earnestly at him trying to read in his calm and venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued:

'You have then forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the third of January, with the assistance you gave so opportunely; the fire, the wine, and the wing of fowl wrapped up in a bit of newspaper? All forgotten? Well, that piece of newspaper was the cause of all my misery being at an end—In an advertisement which it bore, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman named Francois de Chazel had been for years seeking in vain for his brother Jacques de Chazel, ruined like him in the revolution. And that by his will he had ordered an advertisement to be inserted every week for three years, that the brother might come forward and claim his ample fortune. That Jacques de Chizel stands now before you—it is I. Without delay I set out for London, and only returned yesterday. Your notary,' continued he, 'is mine, and from him I learned of the intended marriage of your daughter. To that angel I owe my life, and the least I can do is to present her with part of that fortune which without her, never would have reached my hands.'

'But Monsieur,' said Madame Bevial, with emotion, 'perhaps you have a family?'

'Yes, Madame,' replied he, bowing low as he spoke, 'if you will admit me into yours.'

'Ah! you have made part of our family for such a long time!' said Anna, pressing in her hands those of M. de Chizel; then with a gesture full of naivete and grace, pointing to her intended husband, she added in a low voice, 'it is he who took you up. Do you recollect him? Ah! you say that to me you owe your life; if you only knew how much I am indebted to you—if you only knew it! But we will separate no more, and I shall have time to tell you all about it.'

Jules came forward to present the pen to his bride, and they both signed the marriage contract. Formed under such auspices who can doubt it was a happy one?

## Why is Money Scarce.

We are told that "labor is wealth," but that is only true when the laborer is liberally paid for his labor. The laborer's receipts must be more than sufficient to supply his daily wants, to lay by something for a wet day, or his labor secures him no wealth.

The free traders insist that labor was never so well rewarded, and the country was never so prosperous as at this time, because gold has been pored into the country from California in "an unprecedent continuous stream."—This, it is supposed, establishes the fact that our labor has been well employed, and that the whole country is growing rich. Is this true? Far from it. The assertion rests on a delusion. No country ever prospered long that depended on the *production* of gold and silver. As a general rule, labor is much better employed in producing bread and meat, cotton, wool hemp, coal and iron, and in working up these raw materials, than in producing what are called the "precious metals."

"Suppose (says the Mercantile Journal) that 100,000 men were employed in the gold fields in North Carolina and Virginia, and that their production amounted to 15 millions in a year. This would be considered something great, and our free traders would tell us how much better it is thus to use our labor than to put it upon corn and wheat, or our mines and manufactories. And really, 15 millions of gold in one year, the production of one State, would sound large, and make a glittering show of prosperity. It would probably take us some time to realize that the same labor employed at the moderate rate of 75 cents a day would be disposed of to a vast deal better advantage, and yet 100,000 men working only 300 days in a year at that low rate of wages, would earn 22½ millions—*fifty per cent. more* than the brilliant production in gold.

"Since the discovery of gold in California, the quantity of that metal sent to market from that State has been very large. The production of the present year, it is estimated, will reach forty-five or fifty millions. But if this a profitable employment for labor, how is it that *money* has been all the time, and still is, scarce in the State—that in the very centre of all this production of gold, money is worth from five to six times its value in the old States. The only reason we can assign for it which bears the stamp of plausibility, is that the pay for labor employed in digging gold has not been so very profitable—that it has not felt a surplus for capital, but is all expended as fast as earned. Let us see how figures will bear upon it. The population of California is estimated at 200,000 men, who nearly all live—directly or indirectly—upon the production of gold. Their manufactures are nothing—their agriculture hardly worth naming. If then the gold production of California comes up to $50,000,000 in a year and is equally divided among the 200,000 inhabitants, they will have each for his year's work the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, out of which—however cheaply they may live—we think there cannot be much accumulation.

"Money is scarce in California therefore, because the labor of California is not profitably employed. It produces but just enough to live upon. It lays up nothing—accumulates no capital, but exports the whole of its only productions for food and clothing. With all its show of gold, it is a poor State, and as a State will continue poor, until a large portion of its labor is better bestowed—until at least it produces its own bread and beef and its own fuel. Thus it appears that California wages, on the whole, are low—considering the cost of living, very low—although they are payed in gold, about which there is a singular and fatal fascination which draws men from the more healthy and more profitable cultivation of the soil.

"And we are led away by the same fascination. To get the gold of California, we send our own productions in almost ultimated qualities. Let us follow this trade and see where it leads us. The production of 200,000 men in this country at 75 cents a day, is, as we have shown, 22½ millions of dollars a year. We take this as the amount of our export of merchandise to California, and with the freight added it will cost us there $33,000,000, for which we may get back gold to the value of $55,000,000. The freight must be payed in full—there is no deduction on that; and the loss falls on the merchandise, reducing the 21½ millions shipped to 12½ returned; reducing the wages of our 100,000 men from 75 cents to about 48 cents a day. In the mean time free trade is importing from Europe without stint, and the moment our dear bought gold arrives it is put in requisition to pay up our debt to foreign labor, which has been employed in raising wool, mining iron, spinning and weaving our own cotton, and doing various other things for us *because it works cheap*. And thus we get no more benefit from the gold than the Californian—he has consumed its value before he gets it, and so have we. Under the free trade system we have imported an extra 25 millions, which we pay for in California gold that cost us 33 millions—in our opinion a very unprofitable operation for all connected on this side of the water. In short, our labor, like the Californian's, is unprofitably employed—it is barely getting a living, not creating wealth and increasing capital. *Then why should not money be scarce here as well as there?*

"There are but two cases wherein money is plenty—when labor is reaping such wages that it is creating capital—and when it is so poorly paid, and so little demand, that capital is not required to set it in motion. Our labor is now between these two points, and has been in that position for several years. It cannot rise to the first while we import so largely of foreign merchandise, and it probably will not sink to the last while we can export its productions to California, get half price for them, and obtain gold enough to pretty nearly balance our foreign account. While this struggle lasts there will be ups and downs in the market—with more ups than downs—but we shall see no real plenty of money till we are wise enbligh to employ our own labor to the best advantage, or the whole country is paralyzed by free trade, and capital becomes a drug for want of profitable employment. This state of things may continue for years—it takes a long time to bleed to death such a country as ours, so full of life and resources—but as the free trade predictions of "plenty," so liberally thrown out for a long time past, have been false, so will they continue to be while the present system is in operation.

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BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY.—So say we.—There is no use of rubbing one's eyes, and blubering over all the ills that flesh is heir to. The best way is to stand up to the rack, and take the good things and the evil as they come along, with repining, always cheering yourself with philanthropic ejaculation, 'Better luck the next time.'

Is Dame Fortune as shy as a weazel? Tell her to go to Jericho, and laugh in her face.—The happiest fellow we ever saw, worked hard, slept upon a plank, and hadn't a shilling in his pocket, nor even a coat upon his back.

Do you find disappointment larking in many a prize? Then throw it away, and laugh at your own folly for so long pursuing it.

Does fame elude your grasp? Then laugh at the fools that are so often her favorites.—She's of no consequence, and never buttered a piece of bread or furnished a man a suit of clothes.

Is your heart broken with some maiden fair? Then thank your stars that you escaped with your neck, and make the welkin ring with a hearty laugh. It lessens the weight of one's heart amazingly.

Take our advice—under all circumstances, 'Laugh dull care away.' Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world; it's a very good world considering the creatures who inhabit it, and is about as full of fun as it can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face; it is a grand preventive of suicide.—There's philosophy and good sense to in laughing: it shows a clear conscience and a sincere gratitude for the things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation.

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☞ The London *Globe* says:—"Of the fearful state of Italy no stranger can form any idea. The priests are urging things on to ruin. The women side with their father confessors, taking part with them, and after denouncing husbands and sons for conscience sake, family union is quite at an end, no one feels safe from arrest, and no one can forsee how things can be improved."

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THREATENED TROUBLE WITH AUSTRIA.—The negotiations with the Porte relative to Kossuth and the other refugees are beginning to assume a very serious tone, for the Porte continues to persist in the speedy dismissal of the Hungarian agitators, and has fixed the first of September as the time for their dismissal, which determination is generally supposed to be the result of British and French interest. The more decided the tone adopted by the Porte, the more firm is the tone of the Viena Cabinet, which has gone so far as to threaten the Porte with the recall of Count Richberg, who was on the point of starting for Constantinople.

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FLAX COTTON.—Col. Baker, of Illinois, says the N. Y. Evo. Post, has bought from the patentee in this country the right of using the patent for preparing this new business. Flax is growing extensively in Illinois, the waters of whose rivers are at present employed in rotting the hemp for use in the Eastern States.

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The cholera is abating in the western cities.

## Important from Cuba.

*Great excitement in Havanna—Fifty Patriots captured and shot—The Falcon fired at—Lopez defeated and fled.*

NEW YORK, AUG 21—10 P. M.

The steamship Cherokee arrived at about 6 o'clock, this evening, in four days from Havanna, with $1,640,689 in gold dust, on freight, and $165,000 in the hands of passengers, of whom there were about two hundred.

The accounts from Havanna are of the most serious nature. We are indebted to the Purser of the Cherokee for the following fearful narrative:

The steamer Habanero, while coming off a place, Bahia Honda, 30 miles west of Havanna, captured a party of 50 of the patriots, who were in 4 boats unarmed, and report says were steering for New Orleans. They were brought to Havanna by the Habanero, on Saturday the 16th, at 1 o'clock in the morning, placed on board the Spanish frigate lying at the port, and executed at 11 o'clock 15 minutes the same morning. They were shot in the public road at Havanna, and at the least calculation, in the presence of 20,000 spectators.

After they were shot, they were dragged by the feet by negroes, and then left to the mob, who commenced stripping them of their clothing and carrying them through the crowd in the streets, yelling as so many wild demons, just escaped from the bottomless pit, and trying to seek revenge on, they knew not WHAT.

Many of the passengers of the Cherokee who were on the spot of the execution, were pointed at with a sneer of contempt, and many were stopped in the street and insulted, being told they were Americans, and that they were one and all of the same party, and that one of these days they wo'd be served the same way.

At night it was dangerous for an American to be in the streets alone.

The following is a list of the persons executed

*Officers*—Col. W. S. Clendennen, Capt. F. R Sewer, Victo Kerr, T. B. Vesey, Lieut. James Brunt, J. O. Bryce, Thomas C. James Doct. John Fisher, Katournique Sergeant, J. Whitenews, A. M Calchell, Adjt. R. C. Stanford.

*Privates*—M. H. Homes, Sam. Mills, Edward Rulman, Geo A. Arnold, B. J. Wregg, W. Niceman, Anselind Torres, Hernandez Patrick.—— Dillon, Thomas Hearsay, D. Reed, H T. Fiene, M. Phillips, James Maxwell, G. M. Green, J. Salmon, Napoleon Collins, N. H. Fisher, Wm. Ghilling, G. A. Cook, S. O. Jones, M. H. Ball, Smith A. Ross, James Buscet, Robert Caldwell, C. C. Williams, P. Brongurke, John Christdes, W. Stanton, Thomas Harnor, Alexander McIlcer, John Stubbs, James Ellis, Wm. Hogan and Chas. A. Robinson.

The steamship Falcon while on her way up the coast of Cuba, from Chagres, was fired at three times by the Habanero, and was obliged to heave to, and was boarded by the officers of the Habanero. After the Falcon stopped; the officers of the Habanero cheered as if they had gained a glorious victory. This is the third time the Falcon has been served the same trick.

The United States sloop-of-war Albany was at Havanna.

From a passenger of the Falcon we learn that on the morning of the 16th, off Bahia, the Falcon discovered a large steam frigate in chase of her. When first seen she was standing directly across her bow, evidently intending to cut her off. The Falcon, however, kept on her course and soon left the frigate eight or ten miles astern. This vessel was the Isabella Catholica, formerly the Cunard steamship Caledonia;

While she was in chase another large steamer hove in sight, gave chase and succeeded in heading off the Falcon. She at first fired two shotted guns to the leward, of which the Falcon took no notice. She then ran alongside and fired a third gun across her bows, though she had the American colors flying. The chaster then ordered the Falcon to heave to, which was done, and the officers on the Spaniard gave three cheers.

An officer from the Spaniard boarded the Falco then, and behaved in a very insulting manner, inquiring particularly for Spanish passengers. They soon left, and the Falcon proceeded on to Havanna, where we learned that the Habanero had the night previous landed 50 passengers taken in four launches, off Bahia Honda, and that they were all shot at 12 o'clock on that day—40 of these men were Americans, and were a part of the Lopez Expedition, which had landed near Havanna from the Pampero.

The greatest excitement prevails in Havanna. All Americans are beset with spies, and none feel safe from one day to the next. Very little of the various statements can be relied upon as to the position of the Government troops and the revolutionists. The Captain General had sent about 800 men to meet Lopez, when he heard that he had landed, and they had advanced to a certain position, and then moved no further without re-inforcements. Seven hundred more were then sent. this was about two days before our arrival.

During Saturday the report was that Lopez had cut off all communication between the Government forces and Havanna, and the fact of the Capt. General having received no dispatches from the General in command seemed strong proof of it; nor had the steamers cruising off the coast any better success.

On that evening, at 8 o'clock, he dispatched a steam ferry boat to Bahia Honda, to gain intelligence and return the same night. She did not get back until 7 or 8 the next morning with the news. Soon after the Habanero came in, bringing about 40 or 50 soldiers.—What those fifty men were doing among the Cayes, where they were taken, is a mystery to everybody. Some suppose they were proceeding to a village on the coast nearer to Havanna, and that they ran in among the Cayes to hide from the cruisers; whether they were armed or not could not be ascertained, and gave the Government information. When the Habanero was dispatched in pursuit, it is said, she ran the boats down and then picked up the men, but nothing positive could be learned, as no intercourse was allowed with the prisoners, and the government discloses nothing to the purpose.

They were led out ten at a time and shot. Not a sign of fear nor a murmur escaped from one of them. The bodies were thrown into hearses, six or eight at a time, and taken away and buried.

Many of the spectators possessed themselves of the hats and portions of the clothes of the victims, and fixing them on sticks marched through the streets, uttering curses on the fillibusters, &c., with vows for the Capt General.

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Union is strength. Knowledge is power.